

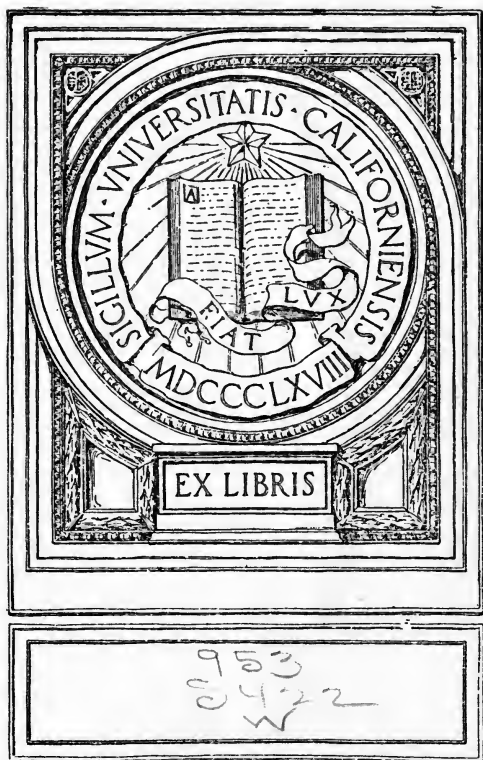
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WAR VOICES

CLINTON SCOLLARD



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WAR VOICES AND MEMORIES

WAR VOICES AND MEMORIES

BEING VERSES WRITTEN DURING THE YEARS
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN AND
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

BY
CLINTON SCOLLARD

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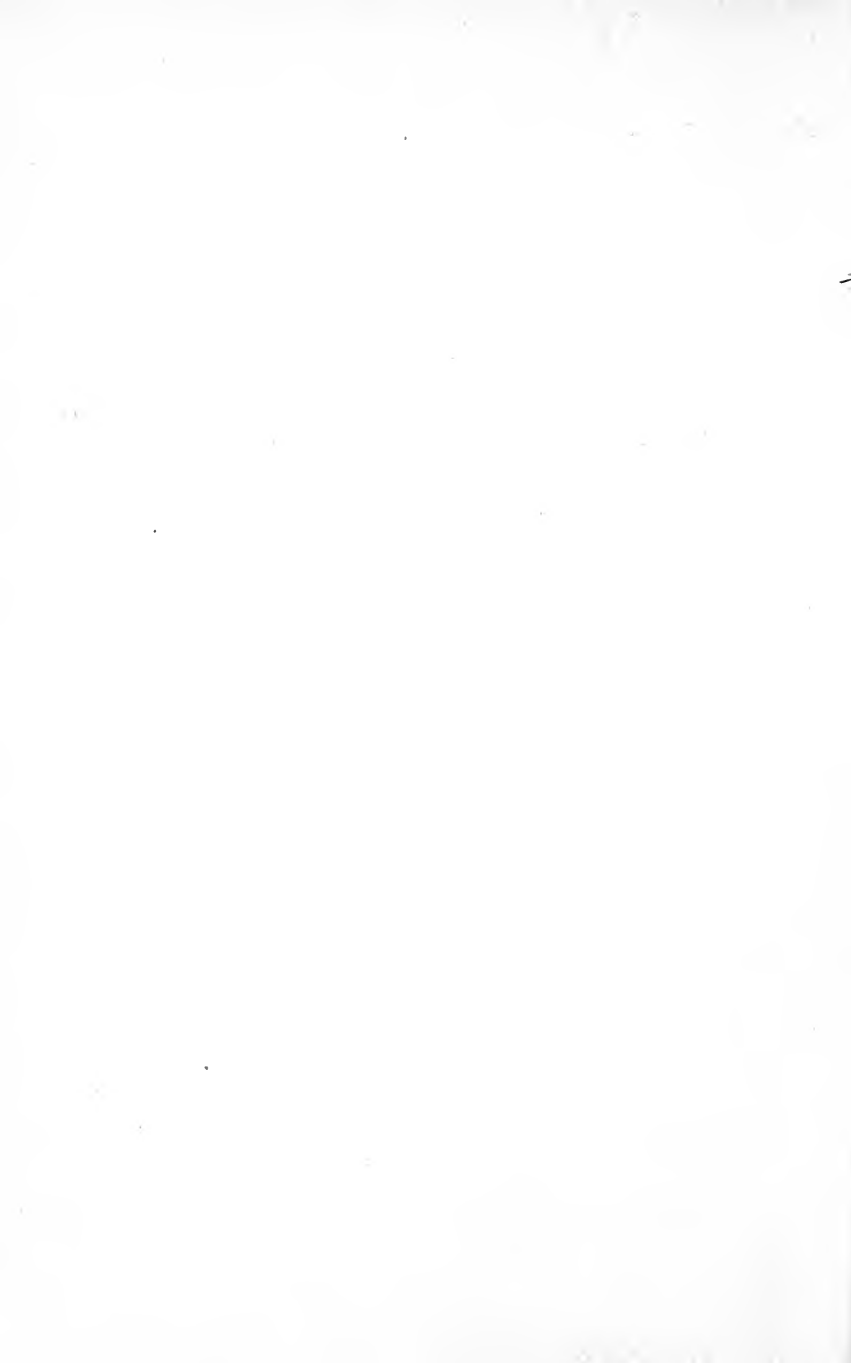
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*Once I was envious of the men whose span
On studious nights I used to contemplate,
Who through fortuitous decrees of fate
Lived in the time of the great Corsican.
I deemed they dwelt in wingèd hours, the ban
Of dull days not upon them, nor the weight
Of small contentions, with the intimate
Knowledge of mighty things to sense and scan.*

*But mine imaginings are changed to-day;
Vain seems the panorama of the past,
The years revolving into darkness whirled;
And, clear as in a vision, I forecast
That in the future men of us will say—
They lived at the climacteric of the world!*



AMERICA





THE SONG VALIANT

GIVE me to sing a valiant song, I pray,
Without a note that shall its cadence mar;
One that shall mount to greet the sun by day,
By night the listening star!

A song with courage keyed in every chord,
A flaming song to kindle and inspire;
One that shall stir the hearts of men, O Lord,
With patriotic fire!

One to be like a trumpet in the dawn,
Or one of sacrifice, should that needs be,
If so it lift the soul, and bear it on
To heights of victory!



THE VISION

I HAVE beheld no vision like to this—

Line upon line, the surge of marching men,
Upon their lifted brows the chrismal kiss
Of inspiration. Will they come again?

Some of them will, although it be with scars,
The same bright light within their leveled eyes;
Some of them will not, and the eternal stars
Will tell the story of their sacrifice.

But I have seen them, splendid, virile, strong;
Yea, I have seen them while my cheeks grew wet,
And though the years, the uncertain years, be long,
Once having seen them, I shall not forget!

AFTER MANY DAYS

If, feeling that our hands were strong,
We have been patient, patient long,
And slow to anger when assailed
By that insidious, grasping throng
Before which half the world has quailed;

If we have seemed too fond of ease
Behind our bulwark of the seas,
Content while others took the thrust,
And bore unheard of agonies,
Let us be humble in the dust!

Let us be humble, but no less,
Since from our limbs the dull duress
Has fallen, and we behold the light,
Let us arouse in righteousness,
And strike with our embattled might!

Rather on Flemish fields o'errun
By the massed legions of the Hun
Or bravest, dearest blood be shed
Than we should fail in duty done,
And know our ancient honor dead!

April, 1917.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

SHOULDER to shoulder! Each man in his place!
Shoulder to shoulder, and "right about! face!"
We've a duty to do ere we grow a day older,
And the way we can do it is—shoulder to shoulder!

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in the line!
Shoulder to shoulder! The Flag for a sign!
Yes, let us not weaken, but let us grow bolder,
And rally and sally with—"shoulder to shoulder!"

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in his might!
Shoulder to shoulder! We fight for the right!
The land of our love—may our courage enfold her!
May we work—and not shirk—for her, shoulder to
shoulder!

MARCHING SONG

LET us awhile forget the lute and viol,
Their tender, low refrains;
More fitting far in this, our time of trial,
The sterner, graver strains!

There is an hour for brooding upon beauty
Beneath calm skies and clear;
There is an hour for sacrificial duty,
And, lo, that hour is here!

Hark! 'tis the bugle resonant and ringing
Again and yet again!
Let every patriot heart go forward singing
With our brave marching men!

WHAT IS THE WORD OF THE LORD

WHAT is the word of the Lord veiled in His far blue
fastness?

What is the word of the Lord unto our moiety of
earth?

What is the word of the Lord out of the vague and
the vastness?

What is His burning word in these days of dolor
and dearth?

He hath given to us a sword, a falchion to swing and
smite with,

To smite till it flinch and quail, the dark dread De-
mon of Wrong;

He hath given to us a brand to grip and brandish and
fight with,

And bidden us go to battle, the song on our lips His
song!

“On!” is the word of the Lord: “On!” to our girded
legions,

Whether they tread the land, or venture the paths
of the sea;

“On!” till the children of earth, aye, its uttermost
regions,

Be free from the Demon’s threat, from the Demon’s
might be free!

TRAMP! TRAMP!

TRAMP! tramp! You may hear the beat in the high-
ways,

Hear it at dawn, and in the dusk and the damp;
Aye, you may even hark it resound from the byways—
Tramp! tramp!

Whither go they, they that are ours, this legion,
Bearing upon their brows such a fearless stamp?
Into what unknown, into what untried region?—
Tramp! tramp!

All of them go to look in the eyes of danger;
Courage be unto each as a shining lamp,
Though some should find a bourn to which we are
stranger!—
Tramp! tramp!

God set a light to guide them back from their march-
ing,
Back from the battle-reek and the cluttered camp,
Back to the mother-sky that is over-arching!—
Tramp! tramp!

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BIT

SONS of Freedom, freedom-lovers in our land where
all are free,
Where upon the hill horizons beacon-fires of Liberty
By the hands of hardy yeomen in the years of old
were lit,
Answer to the Mother's summons: Have you, have
you "done your bit?"

Have you pledged your bone and sinew, have you
pledged your hearts to show
In this darkling hour of danger the allegiance that
you owe?
Or inert, inept, unheeding, do you by your hearth-
stones sit?
Rouse, and let us hear your answer!—Have you, have
you "done your bit?"

Are the Past's proud days forgotten, days when men
were men indeed,
And the creed of Faith and Honor triumphed o'er the
dreams of Greed;
When the words of Patrick Henry seemed to each as
Holy Writ,
And from Lexington to Yorktown every patriot "did
his bit!"

'Tis a glory but to name them,—how they burn in
memory,
Those that with “Old Hickory” battled, or with
Lawrence sailed the sea,
Down to those that dared with Dewey, and who neither
quailed nor quit,
But, with fearlessness undaunted, nobly, nobly “did
their bit!”

Sons of Freedom, freedom-lovers, whatsoe'er your
strain of birth,
Native sons or sons adopted from the utmost ends
of earth,
Hark, America, your Mother, eyes with righteous
justice lit,
To defend her, to befriend her, bids you rise and “do
your bit!”

A BALLAD OF HALLOWEEN

Now there was one who trod the night
Across a tented field;
Above the frosty moon was bright
As is a burnished shield.

Erect he strode, in martial wise,
This wraith come back again,
As when he wore the mortal guise
Of Baron von Steuben.

Although from awe no longer chirred
The crickets in the grass,
No guardsman spake a challenge word,
Nor heard his footsteps pass.

At last he reached a peakèd tent
Wherefrom a form there came
Whose stately mien was eloquent
With something none may name.

In stiff salute they stood there dumb
In silent gaze, and then,
“Why, Washington, didst bid me come?”
Asked Baron von Steuben.

“Well I recall,” the General said,
“Thine aid when long ago
Our shrunken arms were sore bestead
Amid the drifted snow.

“Once more the battle bruit is on,
The fight for Liberty;
We struggle toward a newer dawn
To make the whole world free.

“To win for every man his own,
For this we take our stand,
Albeit it be against the throne
That rules thy Fatherland.

“A throne that would mankind enthrall
In Force’s brutal chains,
Where, a grim menace, over all
A sanguine despot reigns.

“Not poor as on a bygone hour
Are we; we’ve many a son,
And yet we need thine aid and power
To weld them into one.”

“I know—I know—” the Baron spake,
While in his eyes shone pain,
“And at thy bidding I will take
The old task up again.

“Thy foes are mine, whoe’er they be;
Secure thy cause and right,
To smite at banded tyranny
That rears its head in might.”

Once more, once more the grave salute,
A wordless space, and lo,
Only the guardsman stern and mute
At his still sentry-go!

But now amid our gathered host,
To shape them fighting men,
From post to post there speeds the ghost
Of Baron von Steuben.

1917

THE MAN IN THE TREE

HAVE you heard how we shattered the lines of the foe
When the boys clad in khaki advanced upon Vaux,
How we battered the Boches and caused them to flee?
It was through Captain Bradley, the man in the tree!

Where the boughs of a pine bole uprose like a spire,
He strung some thin strands of a telephone wire;
Then "Fire!" was the word that he shouted in glee,
This gay Captain Bradley, the man in the tree!

Though round him the bullets were buzzing like bees,
He sat like a soldier who's taking his ease;
Now "Right" and now "Left" and now "Center,"
 called he,
This blithe Captain Bradley, the main in the tree!

"Come down!" hailed a voice in the heat of the strife.
"Come down?" answered Bradley. "No, not on your
 life!"

And he stuck to his post; he was deaf to all plea,
This gallant young Captain, the man in the tree!

So 'twas "Boom" and 'twas "Bang" till the Huns
 had their fill,
And we routed them out from their nests on the hill;
And we marched into Vaux with a stride that was
 free,
Through brave Captain Bradley, the man in the tree!

AN AMERICAN MARINE

THE hills of home are lonely,
The vales of home are grave,
And sad the winding footpaths
Beside a cool stream's wave.

One who was wont to tread them,
In youthful days and hale,
Has passed out far beyond them
Upon the long, long trail.

He might have slept in quiet
In the sweet restful earth,
After calm days of toiling,
Where he had had his birth;

But no! a voice came calling
That would not be denied,—
His Country's,—and he heeded
With all a patriot's pride,

Just as his sires had heeded
In the dark hours of yore
When Washington and Lincoln
Bade brave men to the fore.

He joined the great adventure
To make the wide world free
Beneath the flag that symbols
The light of Liberty.

Of that heroic vanguard,
Unquailing, he was one
Who o'er the Marne hurled backward
The grim hosts of the Hun.

And with the same stanch spirit
He struck one last swift blow
In those shell-riven thickets,
The forest of Belleau.

The hills of home are lonely,
The vales of home are grave,
But he—his name is bright on
The Roster of the Brave!

THE FIRST SHELL

(An American Artillery-Man Speaks)

'Twas a long, long hike through the haggard night
In the lash of the driven rain,
And then there were black and bitter hours
In the lurch and grind of a train.

And some one laughed and some one chaffed,
And some one countered, "well,
I wonder, boys, where we're going to—
To what special part of Hell?"

Then came a dawn that wasn't a dawn,
But an eerie spectral air,
A weltering mist that we blundered through
To a place in God knows where.

There were twenty men and our battery gun,
And I was one of the crew;
So we limbered her up with her face to the front,
And she was a dandy too.

We coaxed her along with shove and haul
Through the reek of muck and mire,
And when we had camouflaged her fine
We got her ready to fire.

We were out near the edge of No Man's Land
Where only a dank wind stirred,
And it was just after the stroke of six
That we got the Captain's word.

A sudden roar and rift in the mist,
And wouldn't it have been luck
Had bloody old von Hindenberg
Been where that first shell struck!

THESE ARE GRAVE HOURS

THESE are grave hours, and yet we should not brood
On peril, rather look it in the face,
Abjuring fear, and every lingering trace
Of darkening doubt, in an exalted mood.
Let us each take new grip on fortitude;
Let us not quail nor flinch, for that were base;
Let us have heart, for we are of a race
That against wrong has ever steadfast stood!

These are grave hours. 'Twere futile to deny
The threat of Might, and its embattled powers;
A dreadful menace looms upon the sky;
Nearer and nearer the black shadow towers;
Shall we lose faith and trust? Nay, let us cry—
“Courage!” and “Courage!” during these grave
hours.

March, 1918.

THE FIRST THREE

“SOMEWHERE in France,” upon a brown hillside,
They lie, the first of our brave soldiers slain;
Above them flowers, now beaten by the rain,
Yet emblematic of the youths who died
In their fresh promise. They who, valiant-eyed,
Met death unfaltering have not fallen in vain;
Remembrance hallows those who thus attain
The final goal; their names are glorified.

Read then the roster!—Gresham! Enright! Hay!—
No bugle call shall rouse them when the flower
Of morning breaks above the hills and dells,
For they have grown immortal in an hour,
And we who grieve and cherish them would lay
Upon their hillside graves our immortelles!

A MAY EVENING

I SAW the long fair afternoon decline,
And in the amethystine west afar
Outgleam the glory of a single star,
A peaceful star, it seemed of peace a sign.
And at the woodland's edge a voice divine,
The thrush, I heard, bar after silver bar
Of melting music, with no sound to mar
The mounting rapture of one lyric line.

And then, and then, imagination wrought
A dreadful change, and, lo, mine eyes de-
scried
The battle-stars above the Oise and Somme;
The cannon's awful music boomed and died,
And boomed again, and I could think of naught
Save the world gripped by War's delirium!

AT THE VERGE OF THE YEAR

WAR, like a stark colossus, stands astride
The ruinous world, and takes its toll of fate,
Mightier than ancient Moloch, puffed with hate,
Flaunting the precept of the crucified.
The day is darkened, while red furies ride
Adown the night, and with men's anguish sate
Their bloody lusts, dread, incompassionate,
Deaf to the voice of prayer, whate'er betide.

The shrines of Christ are desecrate, defiled
In wantonness, though cries go up to Him,
Petitional and praiseful, without cease;
What irony! what mockery! what grim
Apostasy, as though dark Satan smiled,
Scorning the spirit of the Prince of Peace!

1918.

TOLERANCE

Too long have we been lax and lenient;
We have been patient, though we knew that we
Harbored the venomous viper, Treachery,
Ready to strike with foul and fell intent.
But now the day of tolerance is spent;
Let us have done with sleek hypocrisy,
With those who strive to work insidiously!—
Be there at last some stern arbitrament!

Kultur's apostles, you who are arrayed
With the blasphemous Beast who drew the sword,
And slew the innocent the while he prayed,
Should on your heads there fall some just reward,
Yours is the blame who fatuously have made
Your tongue abhorrent and your race abhorred!

NO MAN'S LAND

“It is in night that I see No Man's Land!”

Thus said the soldier, dreams within his eyes,
Dark dreams of horror under moonless skies.

“I mark its reaches vague and vast expand,
Illimitable as seems the desert sand,

While sudden out of it dim forms arise
And disappear, and there are warning cries
Ere comes the grisly grapple hand to hand.

“The grisly grapple—groans and gasping breath

Amid the fetid fumes that choke and reek

As the hot life blood gushes on the hand;

Then, in the murk, the inscrutable face of Death!”

Thus said the soldier, though he scarce could
speak;

“It is in night that I see No Man's Land!”

BUTTERFLIES

ABOUT me loop and dart the butterflies,
Like yellow iris petals dowered with wings;
Beneath the azure of the summer skies
They seem to voyage on blithe adventurings.

Now here, now there, on grass or flower a-poise,
They linger in their brief uncertain flight,
Tasting the fleeting moment's honied joys,
And then are gone, are gone into the night.

I have read somewhere in an ancient book,
The name whereof my memory holds no trace,
They are departed souls come back to look
On scenes familiar for a little space.

Into my heart there creeps this stealthy fear;—
There will be many butterflies this year!

1918.

IN JUNE

THE crimson roses tell me it is June;

I know it by the wind that never grieves,
And by the radiant rondure of the moon,
And by the emerald shadows of the leaves.

The fireflies with their tenuous golden skeins

They too reveal it, and the oriole,
Flame-breasted, says to me that Junetime reigns
By the unburdened rapture of its soul.

Yet sometimes I am barren of belief,

And whisper to myself it cannot be,
With all the nations in the grasp of grief,
And all the world so wrenched with agony.

June is for joy, yet horror stalks abroad,

And he who wrought the crime blasphemes to God.

A SUMMER DAWN

I ROUSED me with the sun ; the bough tops stirred,
Touched by the tender fingers of the breeze,
And from a grove I heard a hidden bird
Salute the dawn with golden melodies.

There was no other sound save chanticleer
With his sharp clarion note, although I knew
Across the garden paths, in whispers clear,
The roses might be talking of the dew.

So perfect harmony ushered in the day,
And yet my spirit would not be at peace,
Sensing demonic echoes far away,
Mad murmurs of red conflict without cease—

The interminable roar of black-mouthed guns
Where brave men faced the onset of the Huns.

THOSE WHO RETURN

THOSE who return from scarred and stricken places,

Our men of valor, will they seem the same,

Or will they wear on their beloved faces

Something inscrutable we may not name?

Will they take up their duties and their pleasures

With aims and ardors that they knew of old,

Or will they weigh all life with newer measures,

And view the past as one a tale long told?

They who have looked into the eyes of dangers

Unsensed by us, and which we may not feel,

Will they not sometimes be to us as strangers,

Holding at heart what they may not reveal?

Unchanged, yet changed in this—that they have been

So near the veil that hides the Great Unseen!

MEMORIES

I HAVE a memory of dim twilights gone
And the lulled sense of indolent repose,
With lilac lights close round about me drawn,
And the pervasive attar of the rose.

I have a memory of the hermit thrush
From some sequestered woodland covert far
Poignantly stirring the cool evening hush
With its clear anthem to the vesper star.

These things once touched my sense of loveliness
And made within my mind a harmony;
But now they fail; who could be passionless
At the great tidings borne from over sea!

In this triumphant hour, this hour supreme,
All also seems futile, futile as a dream!

1918.

IMMORTALS

BEYOND the lifted barrage
He'd almost gained his goal,
When on far ways eternal
Went out his soldier soul.

They found in his blouse pocket
These words, writ clear to see,
"I shall fight on as though all
Depended upon me!"

But now he has adventured
Beyond the utmost star;
His is that distant dwelling
Where all dead heroes are.

Mayhap he looks on Bayard,
Marks Roland near him stand;
Beholds the smile of Sidney,
And clasps him by the hand.

For valor calls to valor
Across time's furthest span;
He is immortal with them,
This young American!

THE UNRETURNING

For us, the dead, though young,
For us, who fought and bled,
Let a last song be sung,
And a last word be said !

Dreams, hopes and high desires,
That leaven and uplift,
On sacrificial fires
We offered as a gift.

We gave, and gave our all,
In gladness, though in pain ;
Let not a whisper fall
That we have died in vain !

FRANCE

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

BEHOLD the ruin of the shrine of Rheims

That War had spared throughout six hundred
years!

For Beauty shattered, and Art's loveliest dreams,

Ah, shall there not be sorrowing and tears?

And shall there not be execration too,

Or is that word too tolerant to tell

The eternal obloquy which is the due

Of those that wrought the wrong irreparable!

Strange is the healing of the hand of Time,

One of our life's evasive mysteries;

The ages may atone for many a crime,

Forgetfulness dim the memory—but not this!

Never hereafter, at the daylight's close,

With hues more radiant than the sunset sky,

Shall the clerestory's blazing red and rose

Uplift the soul in silent ecstasy.

Never again the gentle angel's face

Look down in all its blest beatitude;

Nor the grave saints, in dignity and grace,

Gaze from the portals in benignant mood.

Thus let it stand! 'Twere futile to restore
Lost Beauty, by despoiling hands undone;
Thus let it stand, aye, stand forevermore,
Symbolic of the kultur of the Hun!

HERE PASSED THE HUN

HERE passed the Hun ! Not in the long ago
A path more pitiless of scath and woe
Blazed Attila beneath the noonday sun
Than may be seen to-day where passed the Hun !

Here passed the Hun where the rose-window gleamed
Of stately Rheims, and saints in marble dreamed ;
Where scholarly Louvain dozed 'mid its limes,
And Termonde bells rang rhythmic vesper chimes !

Here passed the Hun through peaceful Picardy,
Spreading his wake of wanton misery
Where Noyon walls are toppled stone from stone,
And Coucy-le-Chateau lies overthrown !

Here passed the Hun, and left but death and dearth
Where once was life and plenty and blithe mirth ;
Here passed the Hun, and wreaked his ruthless wrong
Where once were women's smiles and children's song !

Here passed the Hun ! His cruelty and crime
Are written large upon the Book of Time.
Till Time shall cease still will the legend run
In those fair ravished lands—*Here passed the Hun !*

THE COCK OF TILLOLOY

The Daughters of the American Revolution will, after the war, rebuild the village of Tilloloy.—*The Matin*.

FOR years unknown the Cock of Tilloloy,
Of ancient Tilloloy in Picardy,
Stood stanch on guard upon the old church tower,
Whirled with the whirling winds, and, many deemed,
Sounded a shrill reveille when the morn
Flowered in the east like an aerial rose.
After a thousand thousand rains and snows
Had beaten on it, sanguine battle came
And smote the rod which held it. Down it fell,
Clashing and clanging on the lichened tiles,
And thence to earth. In the diaphanous dusk
Of early June, what time it poised and plunged,
A Poilu, wandering in the dim church close,
Saw the descending vane and caught it up,
The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy.
Somehow it seemed a symbol and a sign,
And so he bore it with him. At Verdun,
And too upon that red intrenchèd line
Along the Somme, it crowned the barrier,
And 'twas as though it crowed the clarion call
To victory, though the shrapnel clipped its comb
And rent its slender body. The Poilu,

Fain of his furlough after days that reeked
With shock and slaughter, took the battered Cock,
The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy,
And hid it.

Now that kindly hearts and hands,
Hearts wherein burn the flame of love for France,
Are to remould and fashion wall and tower,
Again upon the crest the valiant vane,
Unvanquished by the onset of the Huns,
In reverence raised from its safe hiding place,
Will greet the morning as in elder time
When winds of Peace blew over Tilloloy.
Such is our dream—and may the dream come true!

POPPIES IN FRANCE

I CAN recall when summer hazed
The sky, and all seemed in a trance,
How the bright poppies burned and blazed
Across the rolling fields of France.

They made a glory of Champagne,
Wave after wave of harmony;
They spread a cloth of crimson stain
On many a field in Picardy.

Again the poppy blooms are fair
Beneath the summer's haze-hung sky,
But now (O poignant sorrow!) there
Than theirs behold a deeper dye!

THE PATH OF THE HUN

ONLY a ravaged garth
Where the grass runs wild,
And an old bent woman there
With a little child.

Only a shattered tower
Bereft of its bells,
Where, with its sealèd lips,
Gray silence dwells.

Only a fresh-heaped mound
With its grim pathos,
And a tilted soldier's cap
On a wooden cross.

Only the creeping wind
And the shrouded sun ;
Only the pale gloom ;—this
Was the path of Hun !

HENRY OF NAVARRE

Now that the clouds of battle loom
Above the fair French fields in bloom
 Along the front of War,
Come, spirit of the spotless plume,
 Brave Henry of Navarre!

Against the serried lines arrayed,
Your valiant kinsmen need your aid;
 Let, like a flashing star,
Gleam once again your fearless blade,
 Brave Henry of Navarre!

From realms remote we may not see,
Lest lost be light and Liberty,
 Return, where'er you are,
Return, and lead to victory,
 Brave Henry of Navarre!

IN PICARDY

In Picardy, in Picardy,
If I dare look mine eyes must see
 A nameless horror now;
And yet a bird with folded wings
Within a treetop sings and sings
 Upon a blackened bough.

It sings and sings, with folded wings,
Of coming springs, of happier springs,
 That shall be not as now,
When life and love again shall be
In Picardy, in Picardy,
 Beneath the leafy bough!

ITALY

TO ITALY

WE who have loved you long and loved you well,
Symbol of Beauty, prototype of Art,
Treasuring within the holies of your heart
Forevermore the ancient sibyl spell,
Would fain acclaim you, hail you, fain would dwell
Upon your lofty and heroic part
'Gainst those dark powers that aim to change the
chart
Of all the world, with force intolerable!

Now in your hour of bitterness and need
Our hopes and prayers are with you. May the old
Spirit of Roman valor stir your lines
Firmly against the Vandal hordes to hold,
While to your aid the spectral legions speed
North with the wind across the Apennines!

HIGH NOON AT SALÒ

OVER the roofs of Salò the high noon,
And all the air asworn,
The amber air that ripens the round grapes
Within Lake Garda's coves and on its capes.
The gossips drowsy; in the little square
Where the façade of Santa Maria towers,
And where its bells mark off the gliding hours,
A group of lads in frolic;—sun-brown hair,
And sun-brown faces, limbs, and sun-brown feet,
And laughing lips without a hint of care;
Then I, a wanderer, strolling up the street,
And chancing on them there.
One youth, the one most fleet,
Pounces upon me, clutches at my coat.
“*Signore*, come! *Signore*, come!” he cries,
An eager light within his up-raised eyes,
Eyes like deep purple shades when daylight dies,
“Come, and see Santa Maria!”

Who could say

To this persuasive cicerone, “Nay!”

And mar the liquid note

Of his entreatment? So he led the way,

Lifting the leathern curtain at the door
With all the sylvan grace of a young faun.
Gone, on a sudden, the day's radiance, gone
The heaviness of heat;
Within was twilight, faint and cool and sweet,
And a great silence wherethrough, presently,
Broke a clear voice, the lad's. It seemed to me
As mellow as an organ; yea, it grew
As rapture does in music from the thin
And mounting treble of the violin
(That had its birth in Salò) to the deep
Reverent profundo of a cello chord;
He knew each shrine and altar, and he knew
Every madonna draped in lovely hue
(The Divine Shepherd caring for His sheep),
And every saint that worshipped the young Lord.
At last we passed again into the light,
The quiet old piazza, dazzling bright;
And with obeisance suave
For what I gave,
“*Addio!—grazie!—grazie!*” said he,
Shyly and smilingly.

Since then, that noon in Salò, the fleet years
Have slipt, on swallow flight,
Into the past's inevitable night,
But still upon mine ears
Falls the boy's golden voice;
Still can I see his face,

With all its glamour and with all its grace,
And well I know that he has made his choice.
Somewhere on the Piave line his cries
In exultation rise—

“*Viva Italia!*” Such souls as he
In the red stress of conflict do not fail;
And though he kiss the Grail,
His sacrifice will be
For freedom, and so here I bid him hail;
Hail unto him, and hail to Italy!

THE GARDEN

How fair the garden in the mid-day glow,
 With all its smoothly swarded terraces,
Down sloping to the placid pool below,
 Dotted with lilies, girt with aspen trees!

'Tis like a memory out of Italy,
 For there are marbles wreathed with ivy there,—
Pan with his goat hoofs, mouth awry with glee,
 And Daphne with the laurel in her hair.

And over all a sky that wears the blue
 And gold of skies that arch the Apennines,
And a light breeze that lingeringly steals through
 Like that which stirs the tops of Roman pines.

Yet what a contrast!—Here no threat awaits,
While Italy has the Hun within her gates.

THE HUNS AT PADUA

IN days still vivid and golden I recall
How twilight shadows fell on dome and wall
 In Padua. How San Andrea's chimes
Floated above the rooftops, and how all
 Was peace and beauty. Through the o'erhanging
 limes
Girdling the Prato fleeting laughter stirred
From wandering lovers and from bough and bird.
 Brighter the lights in vast Il Santo's aisles
 Shone in the deepening gloaming, and the crowd,
Passing from worship through the long arcades,
 Chattered as children chatter, gay with smiles,
 Drawn by clear strains that echoed low or loud
 From the bedecked Piazza of Cavour,
For here when droop the violet evening shades
 Music ascends with all its lovely lure.

How magical it seemed!—how magic yet
The tall towered city in its gardens set,
Wrapt round about with olden memories
Thick as the vines that clothe its mulberry trees;
The house where Dante dwelt through hours of gloom,
Whose narrow windows look upon the tomb
Of Antenor; the grassed Arena space;

The Loggia's inimitable grace;
The wondrous statue Donatello wrought,
And the adoring mediæval thought
Perpetuate upon canvas—virgin, saint,
Such as the hand of Titian loved to paint,
Such as Bellini and Mantegna limned,
By the erasing centuries undimmed.

Long, long aforetime underneath the yoke
Of one whose name is linked with cruelty,
In woe and terror lived the Paduan folk,
And Ezzelino, called "the Devil," he!
Search history's page and you will find than his
No darker, bloodier atrocities;
Shuddering along the streets the people trod,
Calling in vain upon the aid of God;
In vain?—but nay! One heard them as they cried.
The Fiend was driven forth. By Brenta's side,
Bound to a stake, he gnawed his wounds and died.

In Paduan ways do they not think once more
His spirit comes from the abyss of night,
Clad in the Hun's habiliments of fright,
Bearing a newer horror, and, as of yore,
From this satanic thing do they not pray
For swift release, for retribution? Yea!
And we would cry with them—"God speed the day!"

ITALY TRIUMPHANT

O I CAN see how the beacons burned
On the hills of Italy;
How the news was told in flames of gold
That the land from the foe was free!
How the joy-light leaped from peak to peak
Away and yet away
From the snowy heights of the Dolomites
To far Tarentum bay.

And I can hear how cheer on cheer
Went up from that stately square
Where fair Milan's cathedral towers
Like flowers lift up in air;
The triumph notes from exultant throats
In Florence I can divine,
And how the shouts from the Corso swept
To the crest of the Palatine.

Ah, never again on plateau or plain
The Austrian and the Hun!
Untroubled now to seek the main
Piave's waters run;
From a galling yoke a gallant folk
Redeemed and glad and free,
With queenly Venice looking out
Across her sunrise sea!

OF FRANCESCO MARIO GUARDABASSI

IN the olden days and spacious,
We have read how brave Horatius
Held a bridge-head of the Tiber when the Etruscans
 threatened Rome;
Hear how Captain Guardabassi,
Tall and muscular and massy,
Held the bridge at Latisana from the dawning to the
 gloom.

When his countrymen were driven
From the Carso, rent and riven,
Back upon the Tagliamento, rose amid the ranks a
 shout;
Swelled like hiving bees a-humming,—
“Austrian cavalry are coming!”
There was peril of a panic; there was danger of a rout.

Then the gallant grenadier, he
A Perugian stanch and cheery,
Faced the streaming troops that jostled at the tidings
 they had heard;
“Hold!” he cried; “and hark to reason!
There is treachery; there is treason;
For the Austrians are *not* coming!” and they halted
 at his word.

Then with other souls undaunted,
How he flouted, how he flaunted
At the faltering and fearsome, with his scornful eyes
ashine!

How he stood and stemmed and stormed them
Till he rallied and reformed them,
And they marched in steady columns to the safe Piave
line!

So, O masterful Mario,
Ere we say to you *addio*,
Take the guerdon of these plaudits wheresoever you
may be!

Your indomitable deed there,
In the vital hour of need there,
Shows the stirring verve and valor in the heart of
Italy.

October, 1917.

SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA

I HAD a vision of Saint Anthony

At hush of midnight rising from his tomb

In domed Il Santo where, amid the gloom,

The tapers wavered faint and fitfully.

Not in his saintly raiment robed was he,

But bright in burnished mail and knightly plume,

Like some old warrior daring the dark doom

Of death, with face set toward eternity.

A spectral steed awaited at the door;

Swiftly he mounted and as swiftly whirled

Out of the Paduan gates across the plain.

The soldiers heard the burning words he bore

In dreams, and, wakening, back the Huns they
hurled

Where the Piave murmurs toward the main.

PALESTINE



THE LAST CRUSADE

IN the dusk of the vanished ages we read how it came
to pass

That a man called Peter the Hermit rode through
France on an ass,

Preaching to Princes and people from the dawn to the
even gloam

The word of Heaven as spoken by the lips of the Pope
of Rome.

“God commands!” and the edict was met as with one
accord;

“We must save the Holy City from the grip of the foes
of the Lord!”

Pilgrim and palmer heard it, and potentates and
Kings

Rose up and gathered about them their feudal follow-
ings;

Then they marched by the land in legions, and they
sailed in hosts by the sea,

Godfrey and Baldwin and Tancred, and Robert of
Normandy.

While many drooped by the wayside, and knights and
their squires were slain,
The Cross still urged them onward as they saw the
Crescent wane,

Till at last pealed the triumph trumpet, the day of
their victory came,
When they hewed through lanes of slaughter to the
church of the Holy Name.

Red were the years thereafter, as red as the crimson
fire
Flushing the sunset surges that break on the reefs of
Tyre.

Ever and ever the onset, ever the sanguine shock
Rocking the plains of Acre, shattering Antioch!

Saladin bearing the Crescent, master of warlike art;
Holding the Cross before him, Richard the Lion
Heart!

Shaken the walls of Zion, the spot that was Judah's
crown,
While drowned in the blinding welter the staff of the
Cross went down—

Down, and the paynim banner hung until yester-hour
Sinister in the sunlight over the Zion tower.

Vain were the sacrifices made in the days long gone,
The rout on the heights of Hattin, the press at Ascalon;

But now where the solemn cypress guards sad Gethsemane,
And over the Mount of Olives silvers the olive tree,

Forever and forever, aye, until Time shall cease,
Over the walls of Zion may there descend His peace!

Not vain be the sacrifices that man to-day has made;
May this, when the Right shall conquer, may this be
the Last Crusade!

JERICH0

*Down—down—fell the walls of Jericho,
Walls they said that would not crumble,
Walls they said no hand could humble;
O the mighty overthrow!*

Out of the Gilgal brake
One, with a flaming sword,
Unto Joshua spake,
And this was the word:—
“I am with thee in thy need,
Give thee good heed—good heed!”
Then He of the flaming sword
Told Joshua what should be
If over the heathen horde
He would win the mastery.

Tall was Jericho's wall,
Cubit on cubit high,
A menace to appall
Looming against the sky.
But with never a sound
Save for the rams' horns blown
(Seven rams' horns blown),

Round and round and round
The battlements of stone
The hosts of Israel trod
Under the eye of God.

Peered the men on the wall,
Jeered the men on the wall;
With loud idolatrous curses
They bade the hosts to quail,
Consigning them to the mercies
Of Moloch and of Baal;
Yet they still marched round and round
In time to the rams' horns' sound.

Until, on the seventh day
(Seven spans round and round),
A shattering cry
Went up to the sky
From the lips of that vast array,
Drowning the rams' horns' sound.
And down—down—down—
Down to the very ground
Plunged Jericho's mighty wall;
O the thunderous fall,
And death to the toppled town!

Lend ear! Give us to hear
To-day some word of the Lord!
Is there no flaming sword,

No leader to point the way?
See where, with embattled bands,
Our enemy, Jericho, stands,
Not cubits high but wide,
In all its arrogant pride!
God, grant to us this boon:—
Send Thou unto us soon,
To ward from the threat and fear,
Another Joshua!

March, 1918.

A SYRIAN SCENE

UPON Esdraelon's plain the anemones shimmer
Like sunset waves beneath the wind's warm breath;
Above, fair-girt by silvery olives, glimmer
The bright white walls and roofs of Nazareth.

Nothing to mar the quietude; unbroken
The silence by a sign of strife or stress;
Peace—brooding peace transcending all; no token
Of aught save beauty, aught save loveliness!

The loveliness of earth and sky o'erleaning—
Of life that lapses with no dream of death;
Would the torn world might take to heart the mean-
ing
Of calm Esdraelon—and of Nazareth!

RIDING WITH ALLENBY

*As I dream, it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby.*

On a day, in the time long gone,
I rode into the heart of the dawn
Out of Gaza. My desert steed,
Son of a sire of the Nedjid breed,
Took the breath of the morning sun
With never a pause till we had won
O'er rocky steep and o'er sandy swell
To the riven House of Gabriel.
Then, ere the shut of the eve, we came
Where the last red streamers lit with flame
The mosque of Hebron set in the vale,
With its towering minarets, and its tale
Of Isaac's and of Abraham's tomb,
Where only the Faithful in the gloom,
By the flickering cressets flecked, may fare
When the swart muezzin calls to prayer.
Thence on to Bethlehem we sped,
With the dome of Allah overhead,
And not a shred of a cloud in view
To blur the breadth of its gold and blue.

*So he marched, and it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!*

Then Jerusalem, and the Hill
Of Golgotha, and the sacred, still
Church of the Holy Sepulchre!
The Vale and the Mount, and the ceaseless stir
Of pilgrim feet where the Christ once strayed,
Under the cruel cross down weighed!
I rode by Jenin with its palms
Clear cut against the noonday calms.
I rode by Nablous, I rode by Nain,
And over the wide Esdraelon plain
Up the slopes to Nazareth,
Where out of the dim bazaars the breath
Of the shaven sandalwood was blown.
I skirted the snow-crowned mountain zone
Of Hermon, and saw the morning star
Silver the huts of Kerf Hawar;
And then I looked on the lovely loom
Of orange, pomegranate and citron bloom
(A bower that to the Prophet's eyes
Was a prescience of Paradise),
And entered Damascus as the sun
Peered over the brow of Lebanon.

*So he marched, and it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!*

Never again the Turkish blight
On all this land of lure and light!
Never again the Turkish ban
From far Beersheba unto Dan—
This home of holy memories!
Rather the beam of His promised peace,
His peace for all men under the sun
From Nebo north to Lebanon,
His peace through the hand that set them free!—

I have ridden with Allenby!

MISCELLANEOUS

THE HOUSE OF THE HAWK

(HAPSBURG)

THE House of the Hawk was hung
High on a barren crag,
And out from its eyrie flung
The folds of a taloned flag.
Bloody was its brood
In that fateful feudal day,
And rood upon fertile rood
It gripped as its hapless prey.

*The mills of the gods grind slow,
Thus saith the ancient song;
But for the high and the low
The mills of the gods grind long.*

The House of the Hawk reached out,
Ever reached out afar;
It battened on ruin and rout,
It fattened on fields of war;
It fastened its clutching claws
Upon Italy and Spain,
And the heart of it knew no laws
Save the ruthless laws of gain.

*But the mills of the gods grind on,
Until, or soon or late,
In the dusk, or at some red dawn,
There falls the sword of Fate.*

The House of the Hawk—behold
How it lies for the world to see!
The final hour has tolled
Of the clock of destiny.
Cruelty, arrogance, pride,
Scepter and king and crown,
Swept by a mighty tide
The House of the Hawk goes down!

*What of its vaunted power?
What of its ancient line?—
Lo, at the ultimate hour
The mills of the gods grind fine!*

THE ARMENIANS

I HEARD the Armenians speak,
Tortured, enslaved and weak;
Heard down the wind their wailing and their sighing;
“From the most monstrous wrong
Borne by us ages long
Save us, a nation dying!

“In fire, in blood, in shame,
The inscrutable years proclaim
Our wretched fate; hark to our voices crying
For liberty at last!
From horrors like the past
Save us, a nation dying!

“You that are strong and free
As the unfettered sea,
List to our plea! we yearn for your replying;
In this your triumph hour,
With your embattled power
Save us, a nation dying!

“Smite off the intolerable
Chains of the hordes of Hell
Forevermore! Not vain be our relying
On mercy, justice, right!
From the dread thralls of Might
Save us, a nation dying!”

HEINE

IN time that now is but a dream,
 Upon a far off morn,
A swift immortal soul of song
 At Düsseldorf was born.

Within him glowed the flaming light
 That bids mankind be free;
Within him burned the bitter scorn
 Of kingly tyranny.

The ruthless power that bides in thrones
 Cast out this spirit brave,
And he, an exile, dwelt and died
 Upon his "mattress grave."

Ah, Heine, from some unknown bourn
 It were not ours to blame
Shouldst thou come back to execrate
 The Hohenzollern name!

Lest a black legacy of hate
 Perpetuate should be,
A fearless poignant pen like thine
 Must make thy people see!

GERMANIA

MEDUSA of the nations, see her stand
Implacable, detestate, treacherous, base,
Without a scruple, and without a trace
Of honor, a sword within her murderous hand!
Secret and subtle, now with smilings bland
Wreathing the sleek insidiousness of her face,
Assassin and despoiler of the race
That, saith the Word, the Eternal Master planned!

Shall she debauch the world with her foul creed
Of Might transcendent, frightfulness supreme,
Her god a god as brutal as was Baal?
O might we rouse from out this hideous dream
To see some Power omnipotent, at our need,
Smiting this monster till she cringe and quail!

I PASSED FROM DREAM TO DREAM

I PASSED from dream to dream until I came
Unto the portal of a lofty hall;
Within arch rose on arch majestic
Whereon was graven many a noble name
Wide-blown upon the trumpet lips of fame;
And there were stately arms memorial
'Mid flaunting banners hung upon the wall;
Methought it was a place where bode no shame.

Upon a dais, clad in robes of state,
Was one stern-browed, inscrutable as fate,
Scanning a writing by a golden taper;
I read: it seemed a compact of much weight.
“What meaneth this?” I asked of him who sate;
“*Pooh!*” he replied, “*'tis but a scrap of paper!*”

THE CONQUERORS

I SING the world's great conquerors since the hour

When there were vaunting kings in Nineveh,
And the proud Pharaohs held imperious power

Where Nilus rolls upon its ancient way;

Since the dark night of Babylon's dismay;

Since Xerxes down upon the Grecians bore.

Slaves to their mad ambitions, where are they?

Lo, they have passed, and will return no more!

I sing the world's great conquerors—the flower

Of Macedonian monarchs, and the sway

Of Hannibal, who caused tall Rome to cower;

Cæsar, with legions ranged in long array;

The grisly Attila, who made his prey

Renowned cities, many a fateful score.

Slaves to their mad ambitions, where are thy?

Lo, they have passed, and will return no more!

I sing the world's great conquerors—the dower

That Timur won through fray on bloody fray;

How Genghis Khan was in his time a tower

Of dreaded might, nor spared his hand to slay;

The Man of Destiny, who pined away,

An exile upon Saint Helena's shore.

Slaves to their mad ambitions, where are they?

Lo, they have passed, and will return no more!

Envoy

And you toward whom Fate hastens day by day,
Kaiser and King, whom we despise, deplore,
Slave to your mad ambition, e'en as they,
You too shall pass, and will return no more!

THE EARTH CALL

FAINT and far at first I heard it from the spaces of
the dark,
When the host of stars assembled in the midnight's
mighty arc;
Then it mounted with the morning, stirred my mind
and bade me hark.

And I knew it for the Earth-call from the vital source
of things,
A reveille to awaken to the hills and vales and springs,
And it throbbed and grew in volume like the rushing
of great wings.

And its word was to the cornlands, and its word was
to the wheat;
There was warning in its message, there was tremor
in its beat;—
“See, the children of men suffer, and there must be
bread to eat!

“For the air is filled with rumors, for the air is dark
with dread,
Where behind War's bloody footsteps lie the windrows
of the dead;
And, lest rise a ghastlier terror, those still living must
be fed.

“Here, on fields unscarred, untrampled, must the fertile seed be sown;
Here, in generous abundance must the harvest yield
be grown; .
Here must be a vaster reaping than the land has ever
known.

“Hence the Earth-call of the Mother to the loam and
to the clod,
To the tillers and the toilers lest Death smite with
deadlier rod;
Hence the Earth-call of the Mother, which is but the
voice of God!”

TWO CONSTANTINES

WHEN sore dissension rent the Roman state,
After the pagan Diocletian's reign,
And legions met and grappled and were slain,
And doubtful seemed the mighty empire's fate,
To one a cross appeared. He read, elate,
"By this sign shalt thou conquer!" Not in vain
He raised His glorious standard without stain;
To-day men name him *Constantine the Great!*

Lo, now another,—a foiled, futile thing,
A puppet, but the shadow of a king,
Conniving, paltering, plotting to his fall;
Blind to all honor and all sense of shame,
How shall the Muse of History write his name?
He shall be ever *Constantine the Small!*

FLOWERS IN BRUSSELS

1885-1918

TO ROBERT LIVINSTONE MASSONNEAU

I WONDER if remembrance be as kind
To you as 'tis to me? If you recall
A noon in Brussels, blue skies over all,
And down the stately streets a crooning wind;
And how the crowded market-ways were lined
With banks of flowers upheaped in booth and stall;
And how joy soared as though a festival,
Some fair commemoration were designed?

I can but wish, old friend, that you and I,
A few days gone, again might have been there
To see the city's glorious triumphing
After the months of dolor and despair!
Would we not too have shouted "Victory,"
And flung our flowers and greetings to the king!

FIVE AND TWENTY VALIANT MEN

Five and twenty valiant men
Marching to the wars,
And though their feet were on the earth
Their heads were in the stars.

Five and twenty valiant men
Who have done with wars,
And though their bodies rest in earth
Their souls are in the stars!

*Not with the high-voiced fife,
Nor with the deep-voiced drum,
To mark the end of strife
The perfect Peace shall come.*

*Nor pomp nor pageant grand
Shall bring War's blest surcease,
But, silent, from God's hand
Shall come the perfect Peace!*





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